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DP7

DISPLACED PARANORMALS

DEADWEIGHT

RYAN/BULANADI

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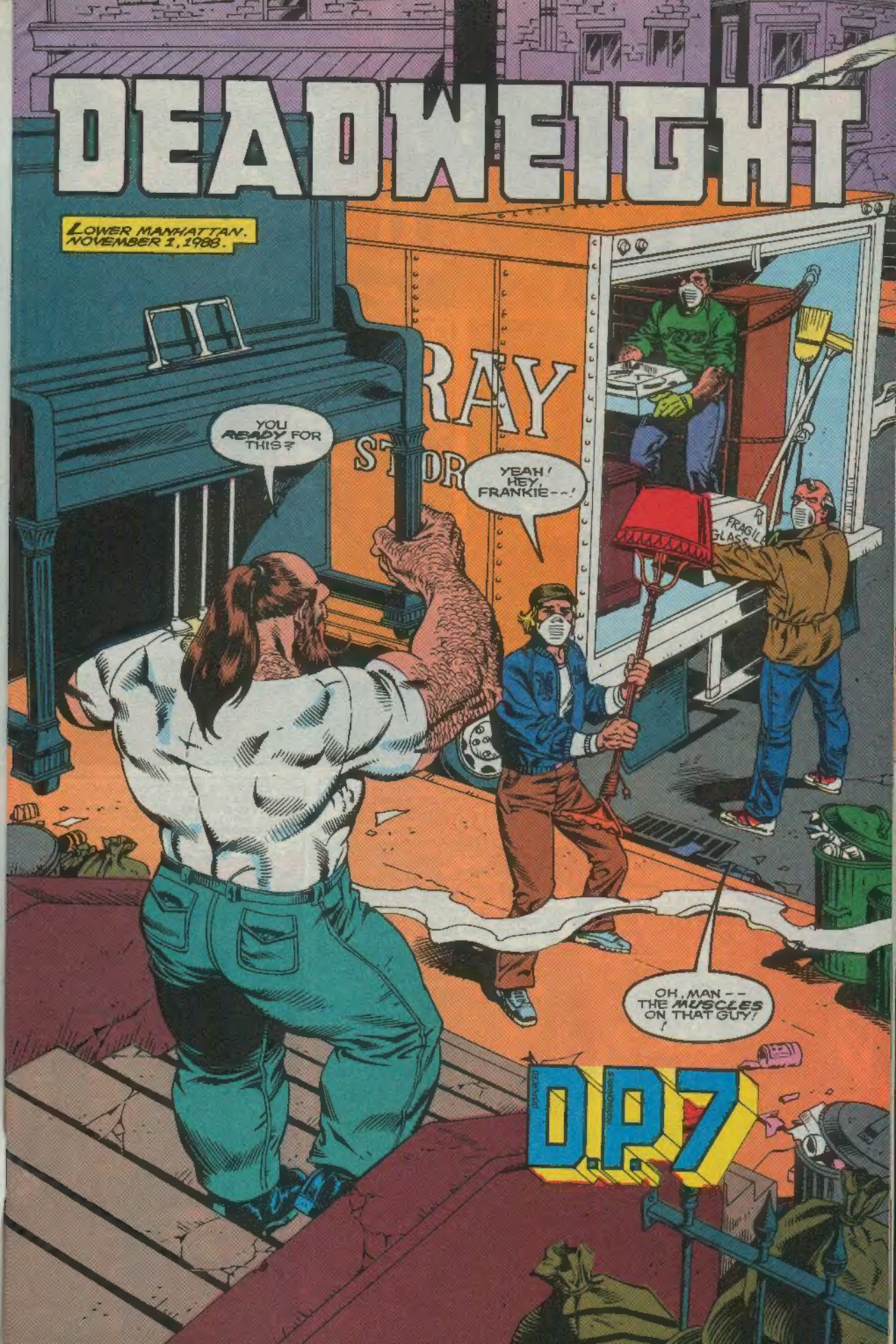

DEADWEIGHT
LOWER MANHATTAN.
NOVEMBER 1, 1988.
YOU READY FOR THIS?
YEAH! HEY, FRANKIE--!
FRAGILE GLASS
OH, MAN -- THE MUSCLES ON THAT GUY!
D.P.7

HERE YOU GO. GOT IT?

YEAH.

THOUGHT YOU USUALLY WRAPPED OR BAGGED THESE THINGS BEFORE MOVING 'EM.

WE DID-- TILL WE RAN OUT OF THE STUFF A FEW WEEKS BACK. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH BUSINESS WE'VE BEEN HAVING--SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S TRYING TO MOVE OUT OF AMERICA'S MOST UNLIVEABLE CITY.

SO WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS AGAIN, FRIEND?

DAVE LANDERS.

WELL, DAVEY, WITH DON AND MARTY OUT SICK WITH THE FLU, WE SURE APPRECIATE THE HELP.

IF YOU'RE EVER LOOKING FOR A REGULAR JOB, CALL McCRAY AND ASK FOR FRANK. WE'RE IN THE YELLOW PAGES. I'M SERIOUS NOW!

I JUST MAY DO THAT. THANKS.

S'LONG.

BLAST. RAIN AGAIN. TWO HOURS CAN'T GO BY BEFORE IT STARTS COMING DOWN SOME MORE. ACCORDING TO THE NEWS, THE SKIES HAVEN'T BEEN CLEAR HERE SINCE LAST JANUARY. DOWNWIND OF MOUNT PITTSBURGH IS NO PICNIC.

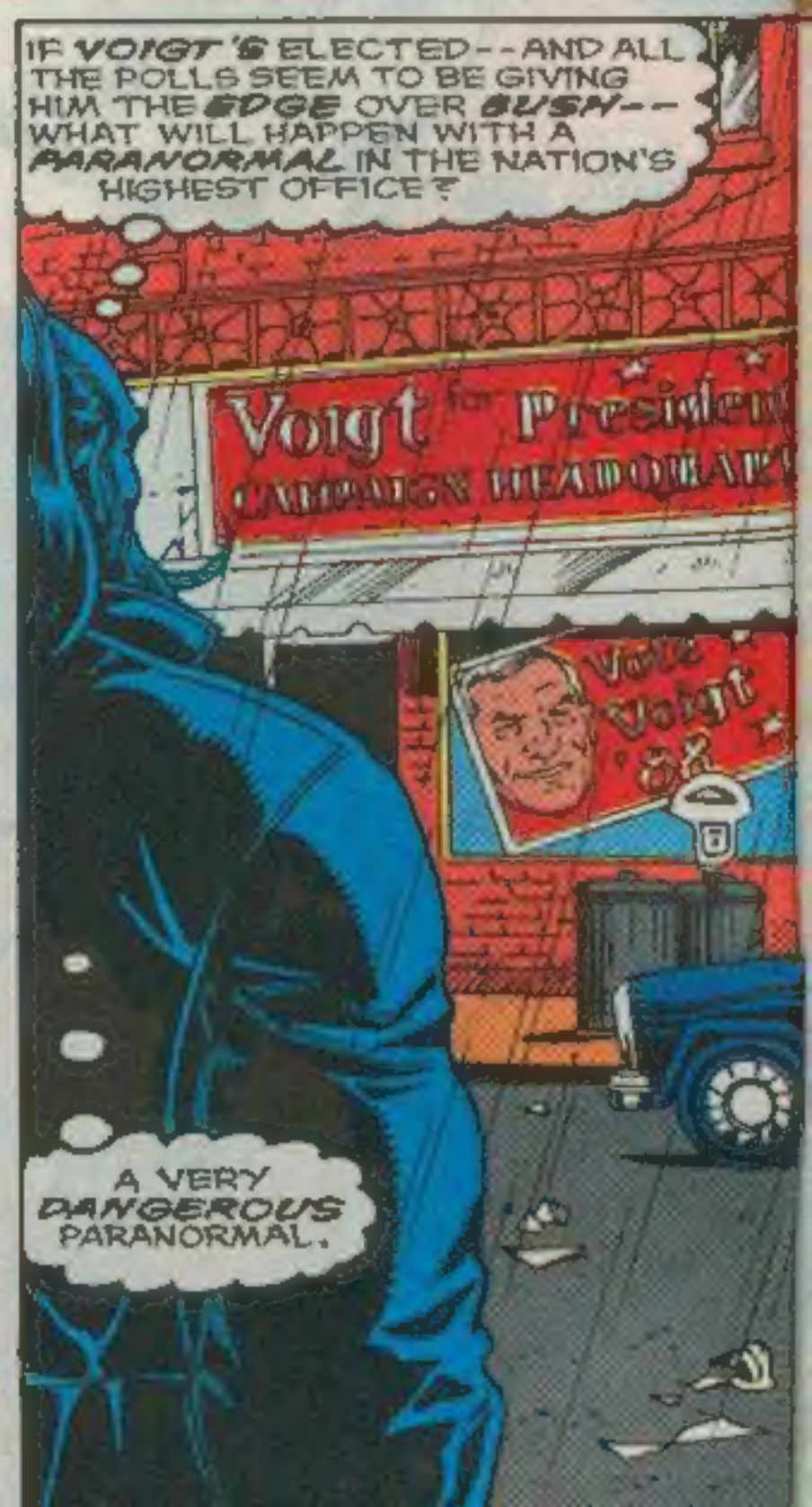
STILL, I'M REALLY GETTING USED TO IT HERE. WHAT WITH RANDY AND ME ON THE LAM, FROM THE ARMY, I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE TO HIDE OUT THAN A BIG, COLD, IMPERSONAL METROPOLIS LIKE THE BIG APPLE.

OR ROTTEN APPLE, AS THE GRAFFITI ARTISTS CALL IT.

WHAT WITH ALL THE OTHER WEIRDOS, LOWLIFES, AND STREET PEOPLE ALL AROUND, A PARANORMAL CAN ACTUALLY FEEL AT HOME HERE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHO KNOWS WHAT THE CITY, THE COUNTRY, OR EVEN THE WORLD, IS GOING TO BE LIKE AFTER THE ELECTION NEXT WEEK?

IF VOIGT'S ELECTED--AND ALL THE POLLS SEEM TO BE GIVING HIM THE EDGE OVER BUSH--WHAT WILL HAPPEN WITH A PARANORMAL IN THE NATION'S HIGHEST OFFICE?



A VERY DANGEROUS PARANORMAL.

PIZZA
"IT WAS ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO THAT HE TOOK OVER THE MINDS OF OUR FRIENDS...FORCED THE GIRLS TO SELL OUT THE C.I.A. WHO SENT THEM TO SPY ON HIM.
"--AND THEN TO TRY TO KILL RANDY AND ME.

"I WASN'T ABOUT TO HURT MY FAVORITE WOMAN IN THE WORLD OR THE OTHERS--NEITHER WAS RANDY. WE COULDN'T GET AWAY EITHER.
"THEY MIGHT HAVE ACTUALLY MURDERED US IF VOIGT HADN'T STEPPED IN AND ORDERED THEM OFF. HE SAYS WE OWE HIM NOW--NA!
Voigt for Presid
CAMPAIGN HEADQ

WE OWE HIM ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT IN THE WAY ME THINKS. BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. NOT WHILE HE SAYS HE'LL ORDER THE GIRLS TO COMMIT SUICIDE IF WE TRY TO TELL THE PRESS ABOUT HIM.
HMMM. MERRIAM EXPECTED TO BE OFF BY SIX. YEAH, I THINK THAT'S HER.
THE C.I.A. MUST REALLY THINK SHE'S CLEVER GETTING A JOB IN VOIGT'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS SO SHE CAN SPY ON HIM BETTER.
Vote Voigt 88
7A
ACTUALLY, VOIGT OFFERED HER THE JOB.
THE C.I.A....PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS...DOUBLE AGENTS. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT A GANG OF HICKS FROM WISCONSIN WOULD EVER BE MIXED UP IN STUFF LIKE THIS?

DAVID! HI! HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WAITING LONG.

WHOOPS. GLAD MY CO-WORKERS DIDN'T SEE ME GO FROM A SIZE 5 TO A SIZE 16 JUST BY WALKING ACROSS A RAINY STREET!

I'LL SHED THIS WATER WEIGHT WHEN WE GET TO THE RESTAURANT IF YOU WANT.
NO. IT'S FINE. HOWEVER YOU'RE COMFORTABLE.
STILL HAD NO LUCK FINDING ANY DRESSY CLOTHES IN YOUR SIZE, HUH?
NOPE.

COFFEE STOP
OKAY, SO... HOW'S THE JOB? VOIGT BEEN BY LATELY OR IS HE OUT LAST-MINUTE CAMPAIGNING?
WELL, WE HEAD OVER TO THE VILLAGE, WE'LL FIND SOME NICE COZY PLACE THAT DOESN'T CARE WHAT WE LOOK LIKE.
UH, DAVID... LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE, PLEASE?
SURE.

WHY DO I TAKE SUCH DELIGHT IN BRINGING UP THE ONE TOPIC THAT MAKES HER SO SQUEAMISH?
PERVERSE STREAK IN ME, I GUESS.
SO WHO'S ON THE NEXT WATCH?
MENU
CHARLY. SINCE SHE'S NOT INSIDE LIKE ME, SHE HAS TO DO HER SURVEILLANCE FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

WHY DO YOU PEOPLE EVEN BOTHER KEEPING UP THE PRETENSE YOU'RE STILL SPYING ON HIM? IF ALL YOU'RE DOING IS FILING FAKE REPORTS, COULDN'T YOU--
DAVID, PLEASE. I SAID CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
OKAY, SORRY. LET'S TALK ABOUT STEPHANIE THEN.
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED BETWEEN HER AND THAT CREEPO HUSBAND OF HERS? NO ONE WILL COME OUT AND TELL ME.

DARN! STEPHANIE AGAIN! I WAS AFRAID THAT THE ONLY REASON HE ASKED ME OUT WAS TO PUMP ME FOR INFORMATION ABOUT HER.
BUT IF I REFUSE TO TALK ABOUT HER, HE WON'T HAVE ANY USE FOR ME WHATSOEVER.
DARN YOU, DAVID. WHY DO YOU WASTE YOUR TIME WITH THAT... SO-AND-SO WHEN I COULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED?

ALL RIGHT, YOU WANT TO KNOW, I'LL TELL YOU. BUT FIRST I HAVE TO REPORT IN.
I DON'T WANT HER TO THINK I'M JUST USING HER, BUT... I DON'T WANT HER TO THINK I'M INTO HER, EITHER.
TELEPHONE

I'LL BE JUST A MINUTE.

I GET THE IDEA THAT SHE REALLY LIKES ME. AND I LIKE HER, TOO. BUT NEXT TO STEPHANIE, THERE'S JUST NO COMPARISON.
TELEPHONE
WHY OH WHY DO I HAVE TO FALL FOR THE ONE WHO'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
HMM!
I SHOULDN'T REALLY TALK ABOUT IT. COMPANY BUSINESS.

MERRIAM, YOU'RE NOT WORKING FOR THE COMPANY ANY MORE. YOU'RE WORKING FOR VOIGT. COME ON, YOU CAN TELL ME.
I...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DAVID.
CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

THERE WAS NO ANSWER ON OUR CONTROL'S PRIVATE LINE. THAT'S VERY ODD.
CONTROL?
ONE WAY

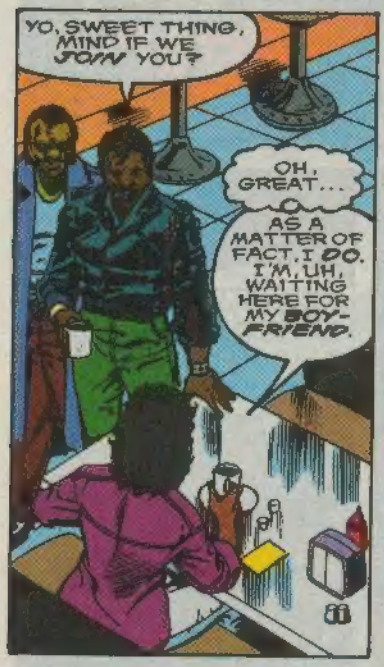
THAT'S WHAT AGENTS IN THE FIELD CALL THEIR MISSION SUPERVISORS AND CONTACTS.
THE LINE'S ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE OPEN. LET ME TRY IT AGAIN.

IF I STILL DON'T GET AN ANSWER, I'LL GET JENNY AND HAVE HER CHECK IT OUT.
YOU AND ME, BIG GUY -- WE'VE GOT A DATE.
UH...RIGHT.

SOMEWHERE IN SOHO...
HOLD STILL NOW, RANDY. A COUPLE MORE SLIPS AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE TAMMY FAYE BAKKER'S TWIN BROTHER.
I'M, UH, NOT USED TO WEARING MAKE-UP, JENNY.
WELL, YOU'D BETTER START GETTING USED TO IT. STUCK INSIDE THAT ANTIBODY AS YOU ARE, MAKE-UP IS YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO PASS YOURSELF OFF AS REMOTELY NORMAL.
TAKE IT FROM ONE WHO'S THERE, SPORT.
EXIT
KLEENEX

SO HOW MUCH CAN YOU FEEL UNDERNEATH THAT THING?
HMM, I HAVEN'T REALLY NOTICED MUCH LOSS OF SENSITIVITY. IT'S LIKE THIS SECOND SKIN IS COMPLETELY PERMEABLE. I CAN SWEAT THROUGH IT... I STILL GET ITCHES...
LUCKY YOU. I CAN BARELY FEEL ANYTHING, YOU'D PRACTICALLY HAVE TO PUNCH ME BEFORE THE NERVE-ENDINGS BENEATH MY MOCK-METAL SKIN LET ME KNOW I WAS BEING TOUCHED.
LOOKS LIKE I CAN RULE OUT MUCH OF A ? - THE PHONE. SIT TIGHT.
YEST OH HI, MERRIAM. WHAT? THAT IS ODD. OKAY, I'LL KEEP TRYING THE LINE FOR YOU, AND IF I CAN'T GET THROUGH, I'LL WALK OVER THERE. FORGET ABOUT IT AND HAVE FUN. BYE!
HMMM, SHE'S RIGHT. NO ANSWER.
SCAT, YOU PIPSQUEAKS!
GOT TO STEP OUT, RANDY. COMPANY BUSINESS. AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT THE REST OF YOUR FACE ON YOURSELF.
CAN I COME WITH YOU?
SORRY, SPORT. MY SUPERIOR WOULD REALLY FROWN ON IT.
WHEN STEPHIE GETS IN, TELL HER THAT I'M CHECKING OUT CONTROL'S HOUSE, AND IF I DON'T REPORT BACK IN TWO HOURS, SHE SHOULD GET CHARLY AND COME ON OVER LIKE GANG-BUSTERS. CAPEESH?
YOU EXPECT TROUBLE?
NO... BUT WE'RE TRAINED TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST. SEE YOU SOON.
TINK, FOLLOW JENNY WITHOUT HER KNOWING IT AND HIGHTAIL IT BACK HERE IF SHE GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE!

ACROSS FROM VOIGT CAMPAIGN HEAD-QUARTERS...
COFFEE. BLACK
QUENTIN, M'MAN, CHECK OUT THE FOX!

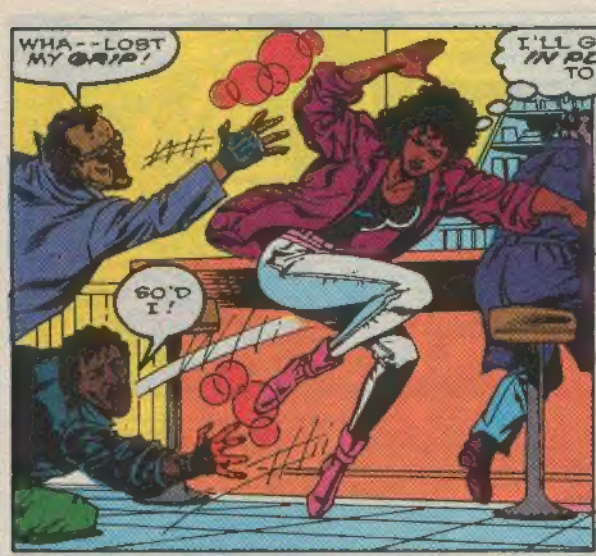

YO, SWEET THING, MIND IF WE JOIN YOU?
OH, GREAT...
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO. I'M, UH, WAITING HERE FOR MY BOY-FRIEND.

WELL, HOW 'BOUT WE JUST WAIT HERE WITH YOU? I'M SURE YOUR MAN WON'T MIND.
NAME'S WILFREDO, SWEET THING. WHAT'S YOURS?
DO YOU MIND? I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE!

OH, YOU DO HAVE AN ATTITUDE, HONEY, OWWWW!
KRK

NOW SHOVE OFF, ROMEO.
YIIIII!
WHOA!

THESE MEAT-FOR-BRAINS WON'T TAKE KINDLY TO MY CHALLENGES TO THEIR MANHOOD. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.
NOT SO FAST, BABY!


WHA--LOST MY GRIP!
GO'D I!

I'LL GLUE THOSE GOONS IN PLACE LONG ENOUGH TO PAY MY TAB--!
DON'T WANT TO GET THE MANAGEMENT MAD AT ME. I HAVE TO COME HERE A LOT.

COME BACK HERE, YOU SKEEVY TRAMP! WE WON'T HURT YOU! WE JUST WANNA PLAY PATTYCAKE ALL OVER YOUR SKINNY BOD!

HUH? WHICH WAY'D SHE GO?
DUNNO. CAN'T EVEN HEAR HER RUNNIN'!

SHEEOOT! YOU GO THAT WAY, MAN. I'LL GO THIS! YOU CATCH HER, GIVE A HOLLER!

I CATCH HER, SHE'LL GIVE THE HOLLER, MAN!
STUPID MACHO CREEPS.
IF I HAVE TO DO ANY MORE OF THIS KIND OF THING, I'D BETTER GET MYSELF A SPIDER-MAN COSTUME.

WHAT A LIFE. HOW I'D LOVE TO CHUCK THIS WHOLE STUPID SPY BUSINESS AND GET INTO WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO... DANCING.
NEW YORK MAY BE THE GRIMIEST CITY IN AMERICA, BUT IT'S STILL THE THEATER CAPITAL OF THE NATION. SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR ME ONCE I GET MY LIFE BACK UNDER CONTROL...

TWELVE BLOCKS SOUTH...
MOMMY, IS THAT BIG SCARY GUY WHO HURT DADDY GONNA BE OVER AGAIN TONIGHT?
DAVID IS A NICE MAN, EMMY DEAR. HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FATHER THAT TIME.* IT WAS DADDY WHO WAS NOT BEHAVING RIGHT.
*WAY BACK IN ISSUE #7!

MY GOODNESS-- THAT WOMAN'S SPARKLING!
DAVID AND RANDY ARE GOOD FRIENDS OF YOUR AUNTIES' AND MINE. THEY'RE JUST STAYING OVER UNTIL THEY CAN FIND A PLACE OF THEIR OWN.

I HATE IT IN THIS STINKY RAINY OL' CITY. WHEN CAN WE GO BACK HOME? I DON'T HAVE ANY BOYS TO PLAY WITH HERE. EVEN CAMP PEARY WAS BETTER THAN THIS!

I'M NOT SURE WHEN WE CAN LEAVE, SON. AS SOON AS MOMMY'S JOB HERE IS OVER, WHENEVER THAT-- NNNGH!
MOMMY, WHAT'S WRONG?

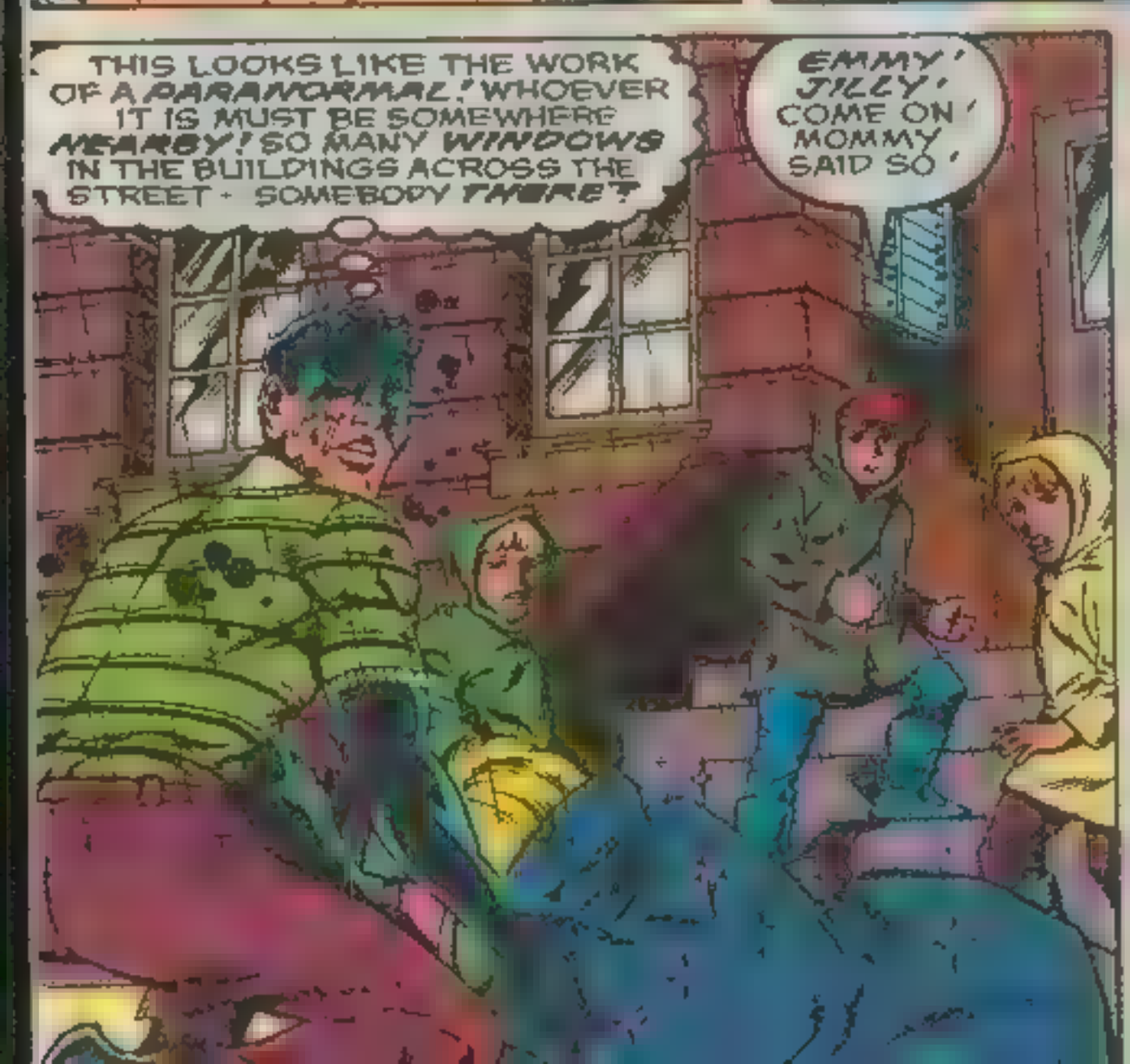
UH, DOWN YOU GO, JILLY.
MOMMY, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG!

NOTHING, BEN. I JUST... FEEL A BIT WEAK... DIZZY...
OHHH...!
MOMMY! MOMMY! STOP!

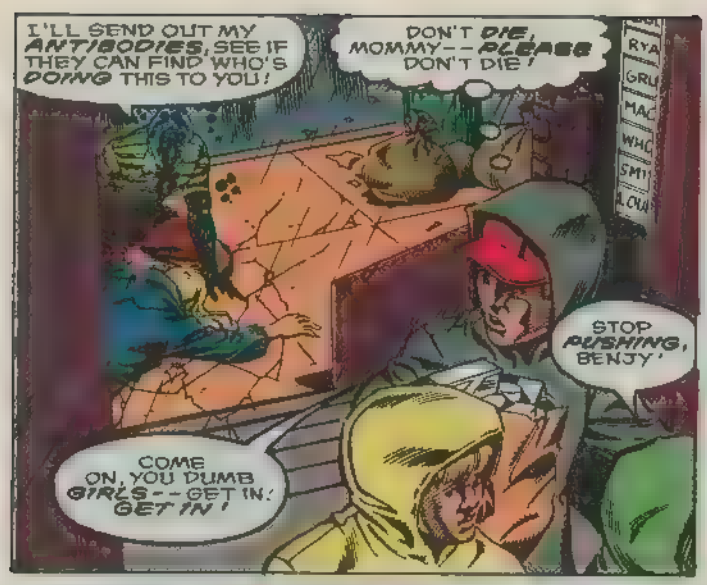
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? FEELS LIKE I WEIGH TONS!
TRYING TO FIGHT BUT... CAN'T!
MOMMY!
MAMA!
MOMMEEE!

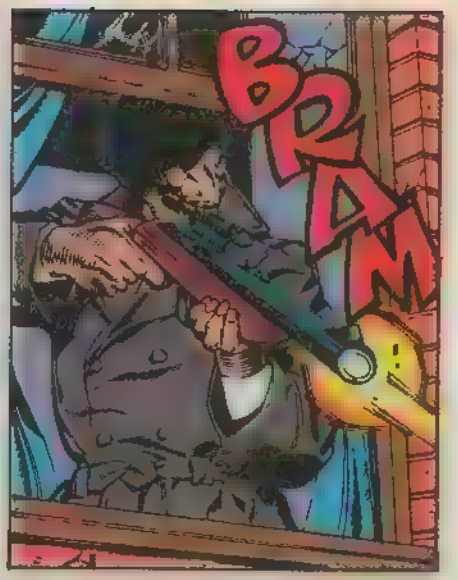
LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW... HEARD SCREAMS...
LOOK! IT'S... MOMMY'S FRIEND, RANDY!
MOMMY! GET UP! DON'T BE--!

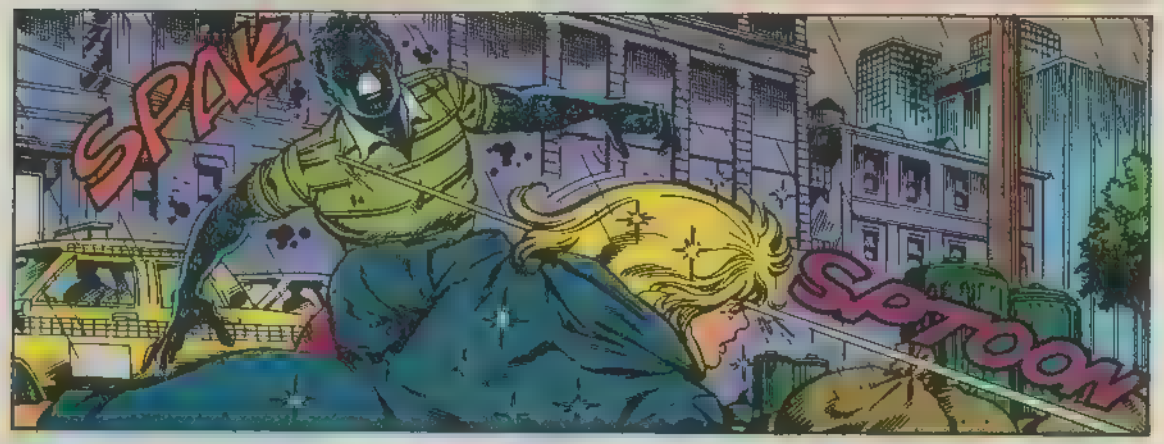
STEPHANIE, WHAT'S WRONG?
GOOD GOD! CRACKS ON THE SIDEWALK BENEATH HER AS IF A GREAT WEIGHT WAS DROPPED FROM A HEIGHT!
RAND... CAN'T BREATHE... THINK HAVING HEART ATTACK!
CAN'T BUDGE EVEN HER HAND SOMETHING IS MAKING HER INCREDIBLY HEAVY!
YOU CHILDREN GO INSIDE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR MOMMY, I PROMISE!
D-DO... IT...!

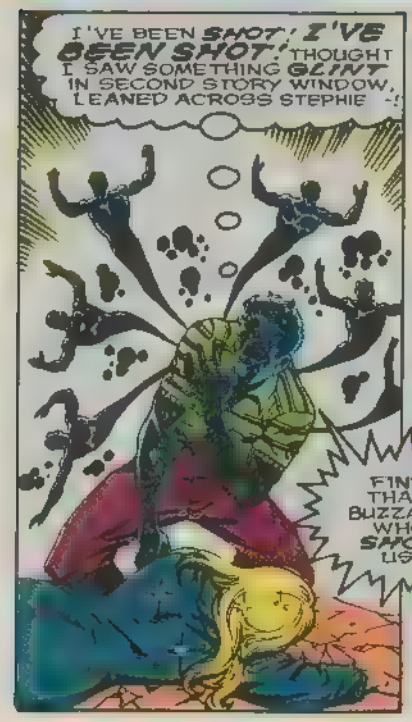

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A PARANORMAL! WHOEVER IT IS MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEARBY! SO MANY WINDOWS IN THE BUILDINGS ACROSS THE STREET - SOMEBODY THERE?
EMMY! JILLY! COME ON! MOMMY SAID SO!

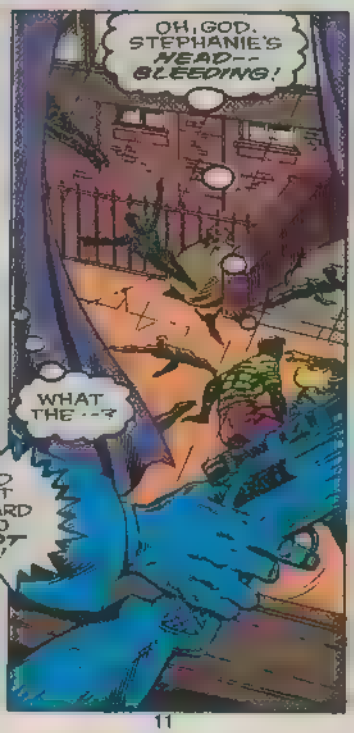
RELAX, STEPHIE! TRYING TO FIGHT IT WILL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE!
FEEL GONNA... DIE...!


I'LL SEND OUT MY ANTIBODIES, SEE IF THEY CAN FIND WHO'S DOING THIS TO YOU!
DON'T DIE, MOMMY--PLEASE DON'T DIE!
STOP PUSHING, BENJY!
COME ON, YOU DUMB GIRLS--GET IN! GET IN!


BRAM!

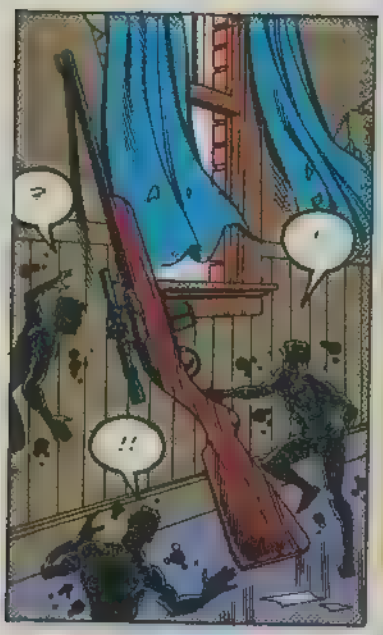

SPAK
SPOOON


I'VE BEEN SHOT! I'VE BEEN SHOT! THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING GLINT IN SECOND STORY WINDOW, LEANED ACROSS STEPHIE--!
FIND THAT BUZZARD WHO SHOT US!


OH, GOD. STEPHANIE'S HEAD--BLEEDING!
WHAT THE--?

LITTLE FLYING MEN COMING THIS WAY!

OH, STEPHIE NO! NO! SO MUCH BLOOD! GOT TO -
I CAN LIFT HER. SHE'S NOT HEAVY ANY MORE!!!
I'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL, STEPH! I PROMISED YOUR KIDS I'D TAKE CARE OF YOU! WON'T LET YOU OR THEM DOWN!
WHO SHOT AT US? WHY AREN'T THEY SHOOTING AGAIN? I HOPE MY ANTIBODIES CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH HIM ONCE THEY FIND HIM.
IN THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET
SHOO! SHOO!
HERMAN SOME KIND OF BIRD GOT IN THE HOUSE!
DON'T LOOK LIKE NO BIRD!
AND
AAIIIEE!
AND
WHOA! WHAT--?
HAD TO DITCH MY GUN, BUT NO WAY CAN THESE LITTLE FLYING MEN CONNECT ME WITH IT!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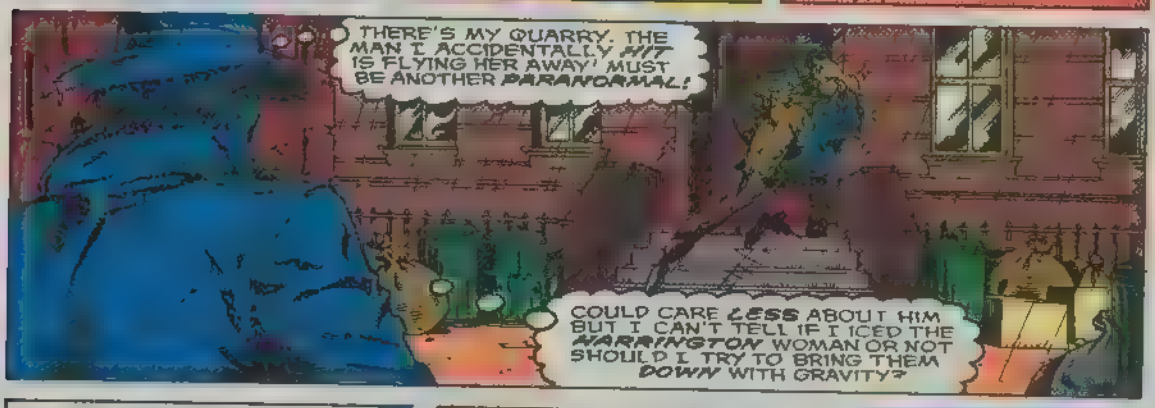
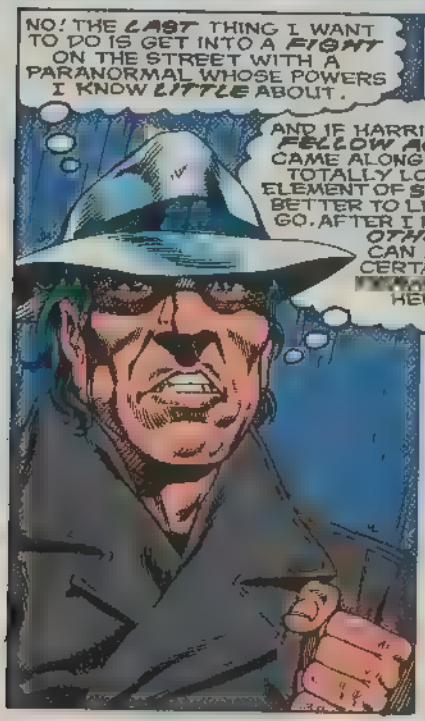
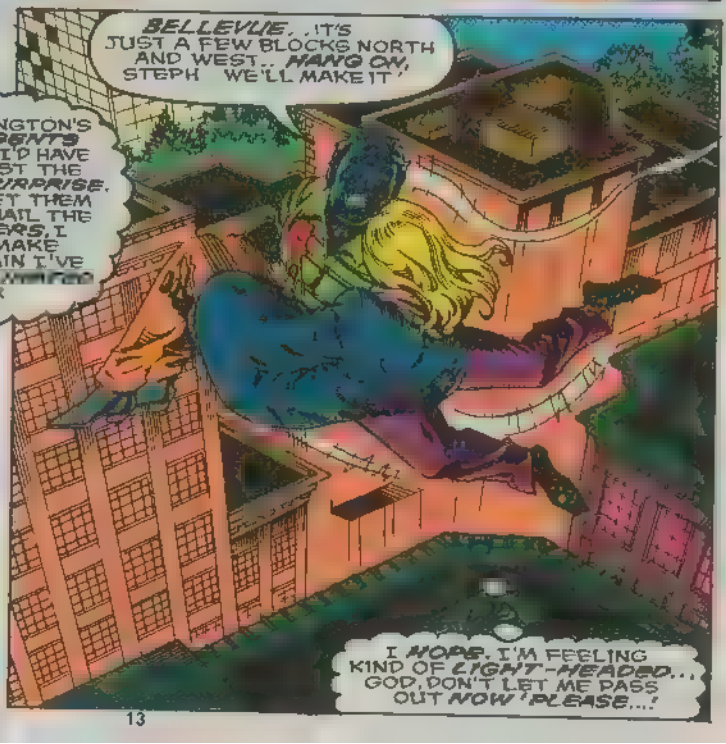

THERE'S MY QUARRY. THE MAN I ACCIDENTALLY *HIT* IS FLYING HER AWAY! MUST BE ANOTHER *PARANORMAL!*
COULD CARE *LESS* ABOUT HIM BUT I CAN'T TELL IF I ICED THE *HARRINGTON* WOMAN OR NOT SHOULD I TRY TO BRING THEM *DOWN* WITH GRAVITY?


NO! THE *LAST* THING I WANT TO DO IS GET INTO A *FIGHT* ON THE STREET WITH A PARANORMAL WHOSE POWERS I KNOW *LITTLE* ABOUT.
AND IF HARRINGTON'S *FELLOW AGENTS* CAME ALONG, I'D HAVE TOTALLY LOST THE ELEMENT OF *SURPRISE*. BETTER TO LET THEM GO. AFTER I NAIL THE *OTHERS*, I CAN MAKE CERTAIN I'VE [illegible] HER


BELLEVUE... IT'S JUST A FEW BLOCKS NORTH AND WEST... *HANG ON*, STEPH... WE'LL MAKE IT!
I *HOPE*. I'M FEELING KIND OF *LIGHT-HEADED*... GOD, DON'T LET ME PASS OUT *NOW! PLEASE*...!

DON'T

.. LET

.. ME

BTASSH

NNNN

MAMAAAAAA!

WHERE IS SHE, BENJY? WHERE D SHE GO?

I DUNNO. I DON'T SEE HER *ANYWHERES*

MAMAAAAAAA!

WHA-- ? THAT'S STEPHANIE'S BOY - *BEN*--!

BEN? WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHERE'S YOUR *MOM*?

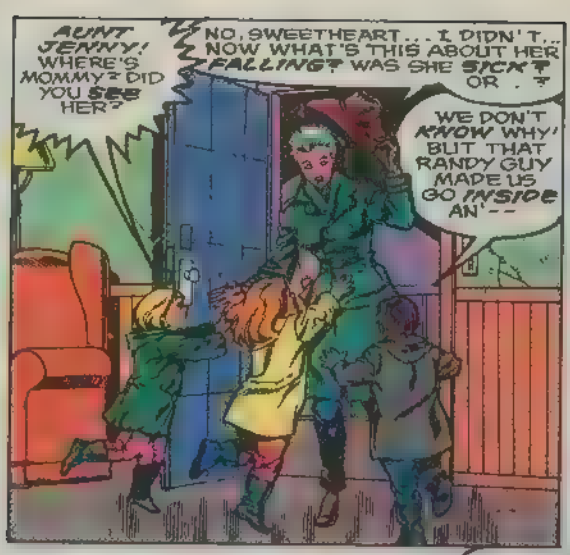
I *DUNNO*, AUNT JENNY!

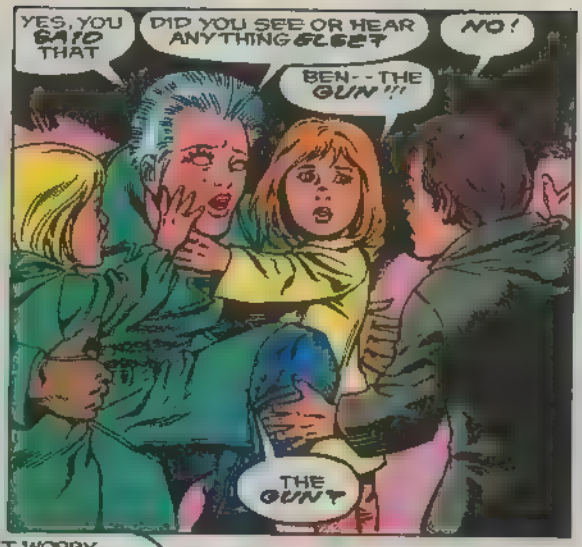
SHE *FELL DOWN* BY THE DOOR AND THAT GUY *RANDY* CAME AN' TOLD US ALL TO GO *INSIDE*, AN' WHEN WE GOT UP HERE MOM AN' RANDY WERE *GONE*, AN--

TELL HER ABOUT THE LIL BLACK MEN WHO BROUGHT IN THE *GUN*, BENJY!

DON'T MOVE! I'LL BE RIGHT UP

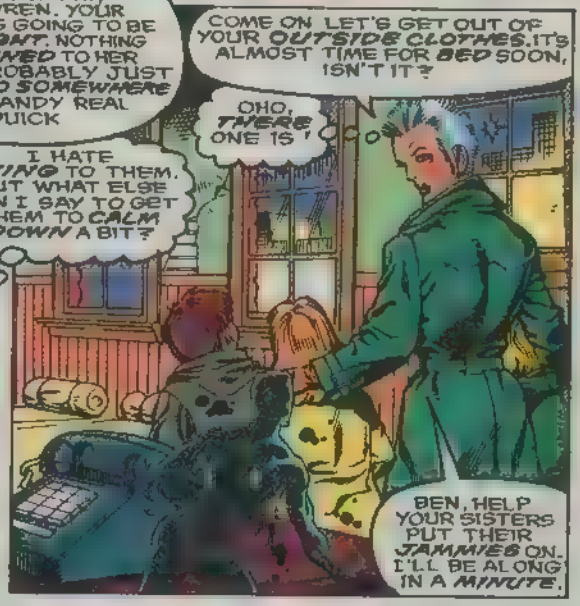
COULD THIS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH OUR *CONTROL'S DISAPPEARANCE*? WHEN I CHECKED OUT HER PLACE, THERE WAS NO SIGN SHE D EVER EVEN *STAYED* THERE!

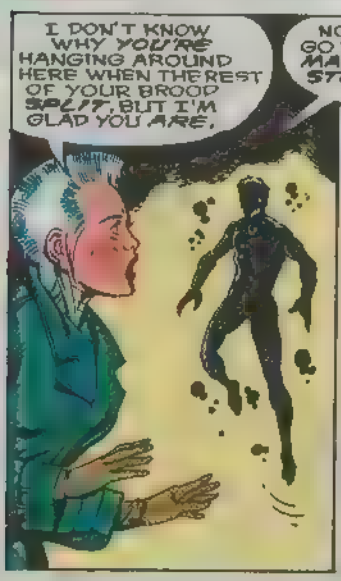

AUNT JENNY! WHERE'S MOMMY? DID YOU SEE HER?
NO, SWEETHEART... I DIDN'T... NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT HER FALLING? WAS SHE SICK? OR . ?
WE DON'T KNOW WHY! BUT THAT RANDY GUY MADE US GO INSIDE AN'--

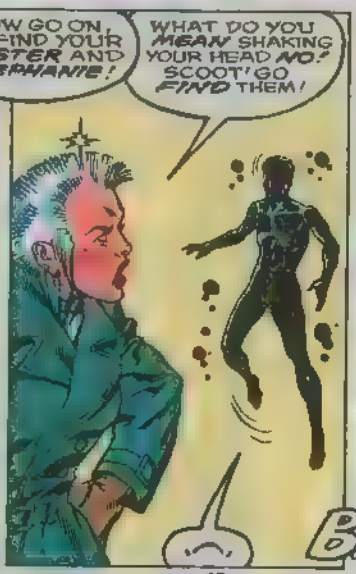

YES, YOU SAID THAT
DID YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING ELSE?
NO!
BEN--THE GUN!!!
THE GUN?

OH YEAH! THREE OF THOSE LITTLE FLYING BLACK THINGS FLEW THAT RIFLE IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AN' THEN TOOK OFF!
DID DID YOU HEAR ANY GUNSHOTS?
I DUNNO MAYBE WHILE WE WERE RUNNIN UP THE STAIRS...!

HMMM.
DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN. YOUR MOTHER'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. NOTHING HAPPENED TO HER SHE, UH, PROBABLY JUST HAD TO GO SOMEWHERE WITH RANDY REAL QUICK
I HATE LYING TO THEM. BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY TO GET THEM TO CALM DOWN A BIT?


COME ON LET'S GET OUT OF YOUR OUTSIDE CLOTHES. IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR BED SOON, ISN'T IT?
OHO, THERE ONE IS!
BEN, HELP YOUR SISTERS PUT THEIR JAMMIES ON. I'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE.


I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HANGING AROUND HERE WHEN THE REST OF YOUR BROOD SPLIT, BUT I'M GLAD YOU ARE.
NOW GO ON, GO FIND YOUR MASTER AND STEPHANIE!


WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHAKING YOUR HEAD NO! SCOOT! GO FIND THEM!

YOU USELESS LITTLE PIPSQUEAK! GET LOST WILL YOU? SCRAM!
BRNNNG

HELLO? CHARLY! THANK GOODNESS! WHAT'S KEEPING STEPH? I DON'T KNOW. SHE'S DISAPPEARED-- SO HAS RANDY!

REAL WEIRD THINGS ARE GOING ON CHARLY! OUR CONTROL'S MISSING, TOO--THERE MAY BE A SNIPER SOMEWHERE--

JUST GET BACK HOME AS SOON AS YOU CAN, OKAY?

GOD, I WISH I COULD GO OUT AND LOOK FOR THEM.

BUT SOMEONE HAS TO TAKE CARE OF THE KIDS--!

WAS THAT MAMA ON THE PHONE?

NO, THAT WAS AUNT CHARLY SHE'S GOING TO HELP LOOK FOR YOUR MOM

NOW-- WHAT STORY SHOULD I READ YOU TONIGHT?

WE WANT MOMMY TO READ IT!

MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET.

COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT THE HECK JENNY WAS SAYING WITH STEPH'S KIDS CRYING IN THE BACKGROUND.

DID SHE SAY A SNIPER--?!?

ALL OF A SUDDEN, EVERYONE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME!

I THINK I'LL RUN THE REST OF THE WAY!

AHA! THAT MAKES TWO OF MY TARGETS INSIDE - SWENSEN AND NOW BECK!

ASSUMING THAT HARRINGTON IS AT LEAST WOUNDED, THAT ONLY LEAVES SWENSEN UNACCOUNTED FOR

NO SENSE GAMBLING ON GETTING ALL THREE IN ONE PLACE AT THE SAME TIME I'LL NAIL THESE BABES, THEN WAIT FOR THE THIRD TO SHOW

CHARLY! THANK GOD YOU MADE IT! DID YOU SEE ANYONE--?

JUST THE USUAL STREET PEOPLE..

JENNY, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

CLATCH

I WISH I KNEW.

AND AFTER A SHORT BRIEFING

SO YOU STAY HERE WITH THE KIDS. I'M GOING TO GO AND SEARCH THE STREETS FOR THEM!

BUT... I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE ALONE. LET'S WAIT TILL DAVE AND MERKI COME BACK, OKAY?

WHO KNOWS WHEN THAT WILL BE? THE TRAIL MAY BE COLD BY THEN!

DON'T WORRY, CHARLY--

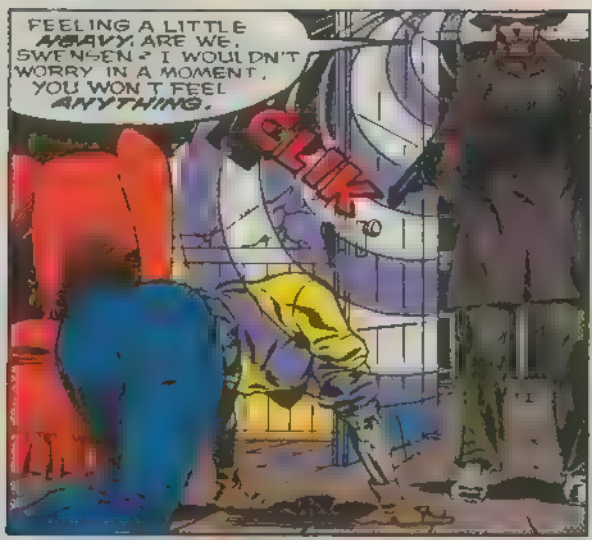
--THIS IS THE SAFEST PLACE YOU COULD BE.

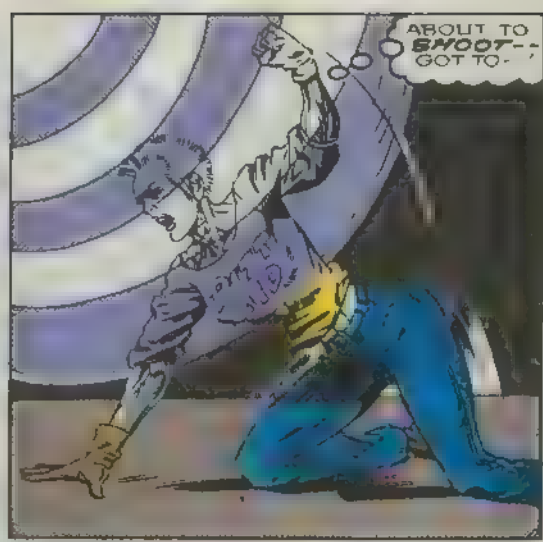
J-J-J-J--!

EVENING, LADIES. THE NAME'S DEADWEIGHT.

UNNHHH-- WHAT'S HAP--?

HE'S GOT A--


FEELING A LITTLE HEAVY, ARE WE, SWENSEN? I WOULDN'T WORRY IN A MOMENT, YOU WON'T FEEL ANYTHING.
CLIK


ABOUT TO SHOOT-- GOT TO-

KREASH
OHHH!

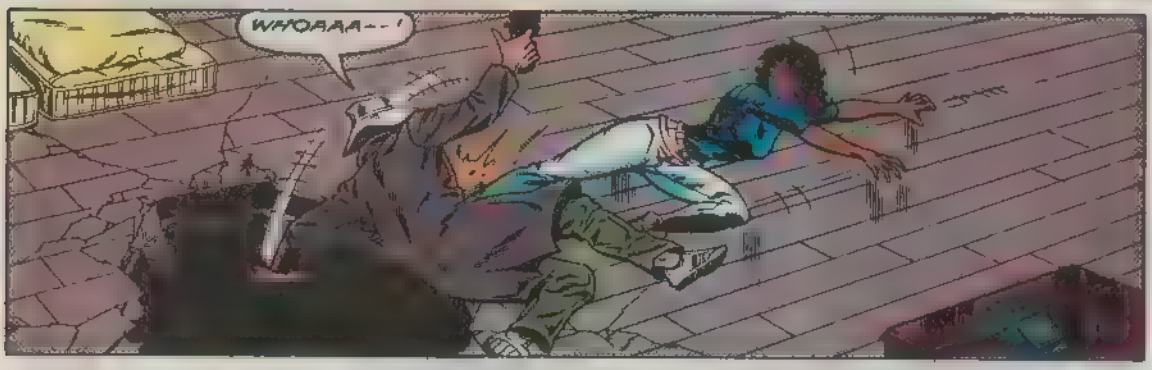
NICE TRY, BUT I STILL HAVE YOU PINNED.
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM

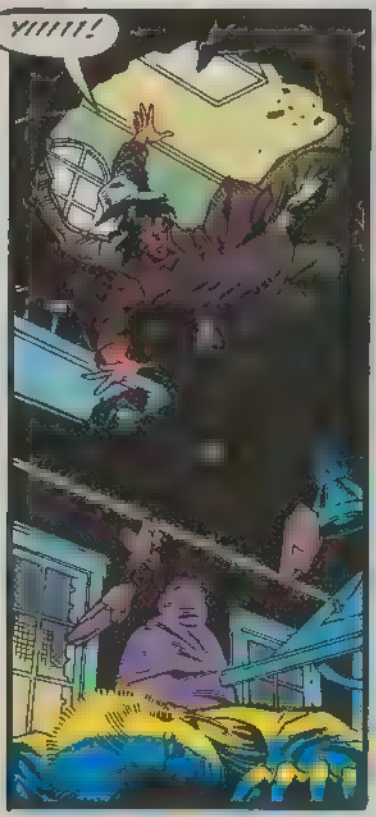
OKAY, BECK, THREE BULLETS LEFT FOR YOU.
NO-- DON'T SHOOT!
NOTHING PERSONAL, BABE. PURELY BUSINESS.

NOW CLOSE YOUR PRETTY EYES AND WHEN YOU OPEN THEM AGAIN YOU'LL BE WEARING A HALO AND WINGS.
NO! PLEASE...?!?

I-- HE'S--!
WHA--? HER POWER--?

OH--! LOFT FLOOR'S NOT QUITE LEVEL--I'M SLIDING--
--TOWARD THE GUNMAN--!

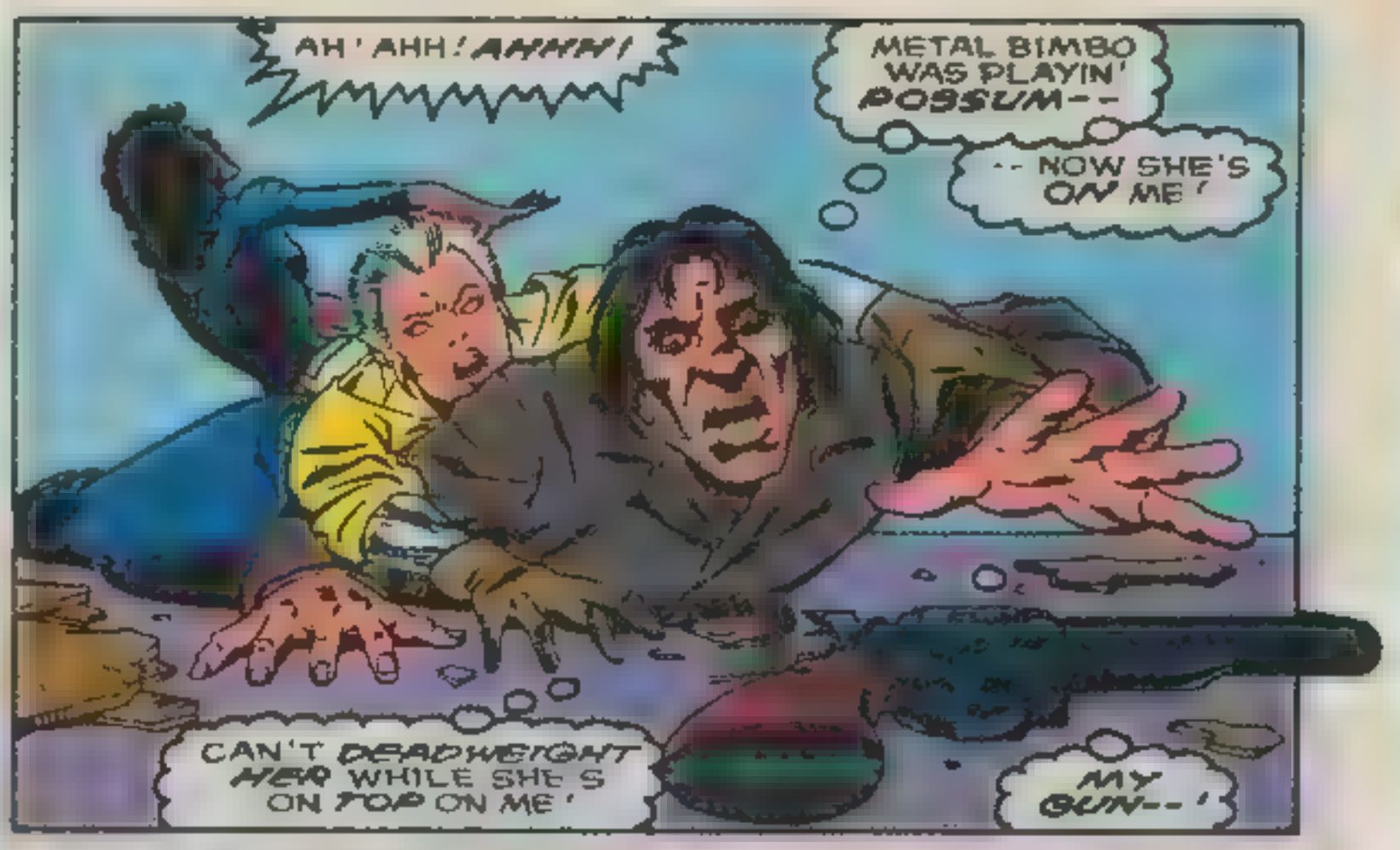

WHOAAA--!

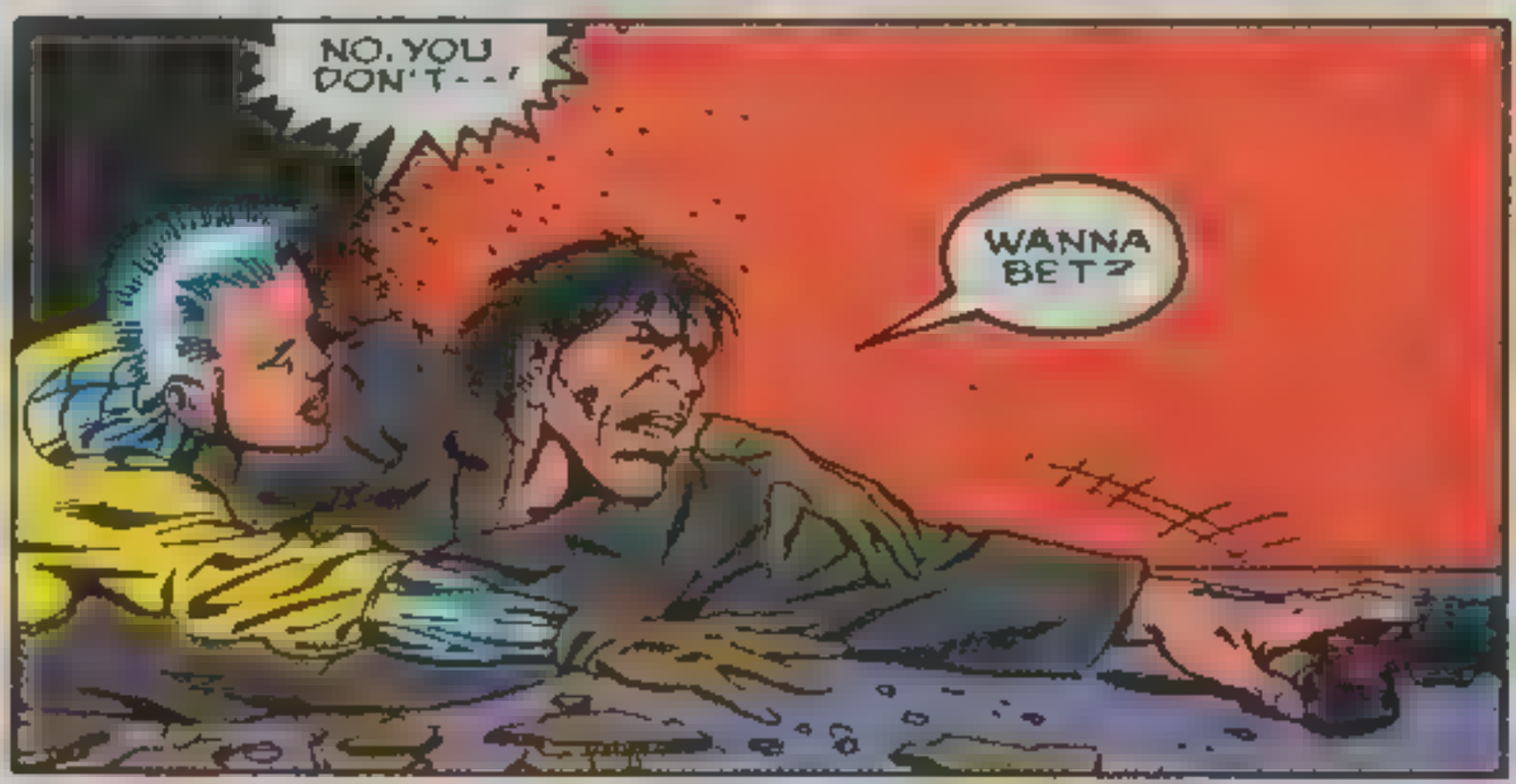

YIIIII!

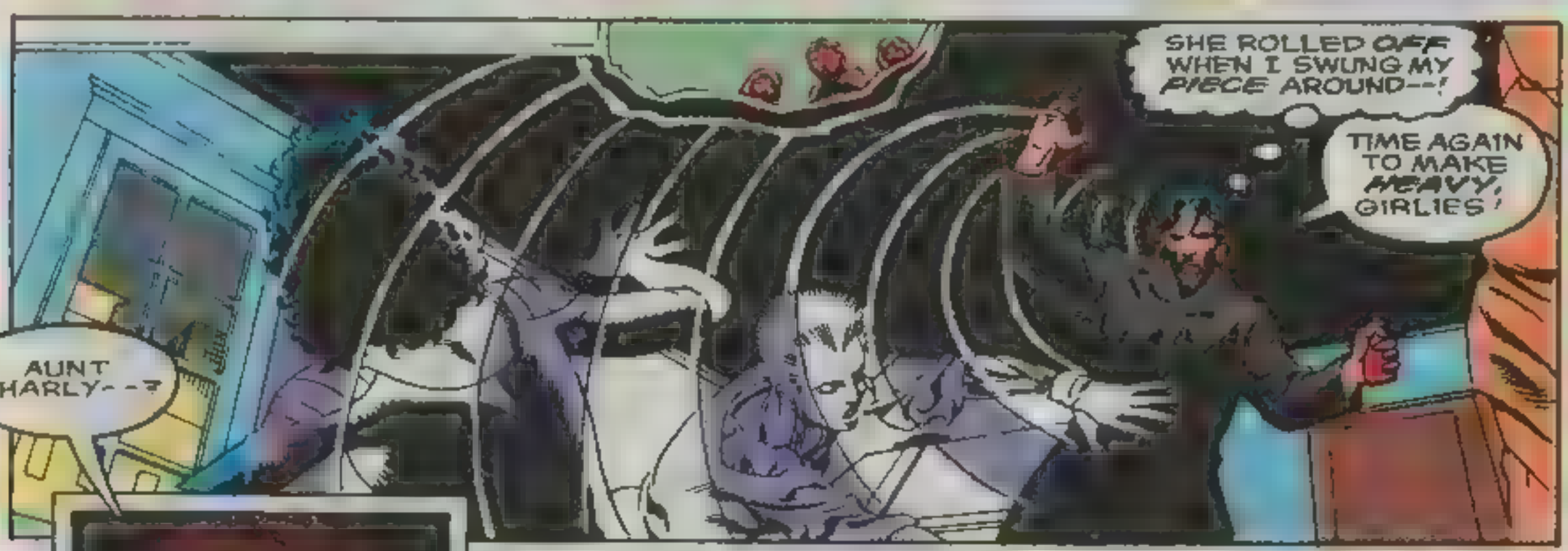
SO FRIGHTENED-I COULDN'T FINE-TUNE THE AREA I WANTED TO MAKE FRICTIONLESS--!
GOT IT TOGETHER-JUST IN TIME--
--BEFORE I--!

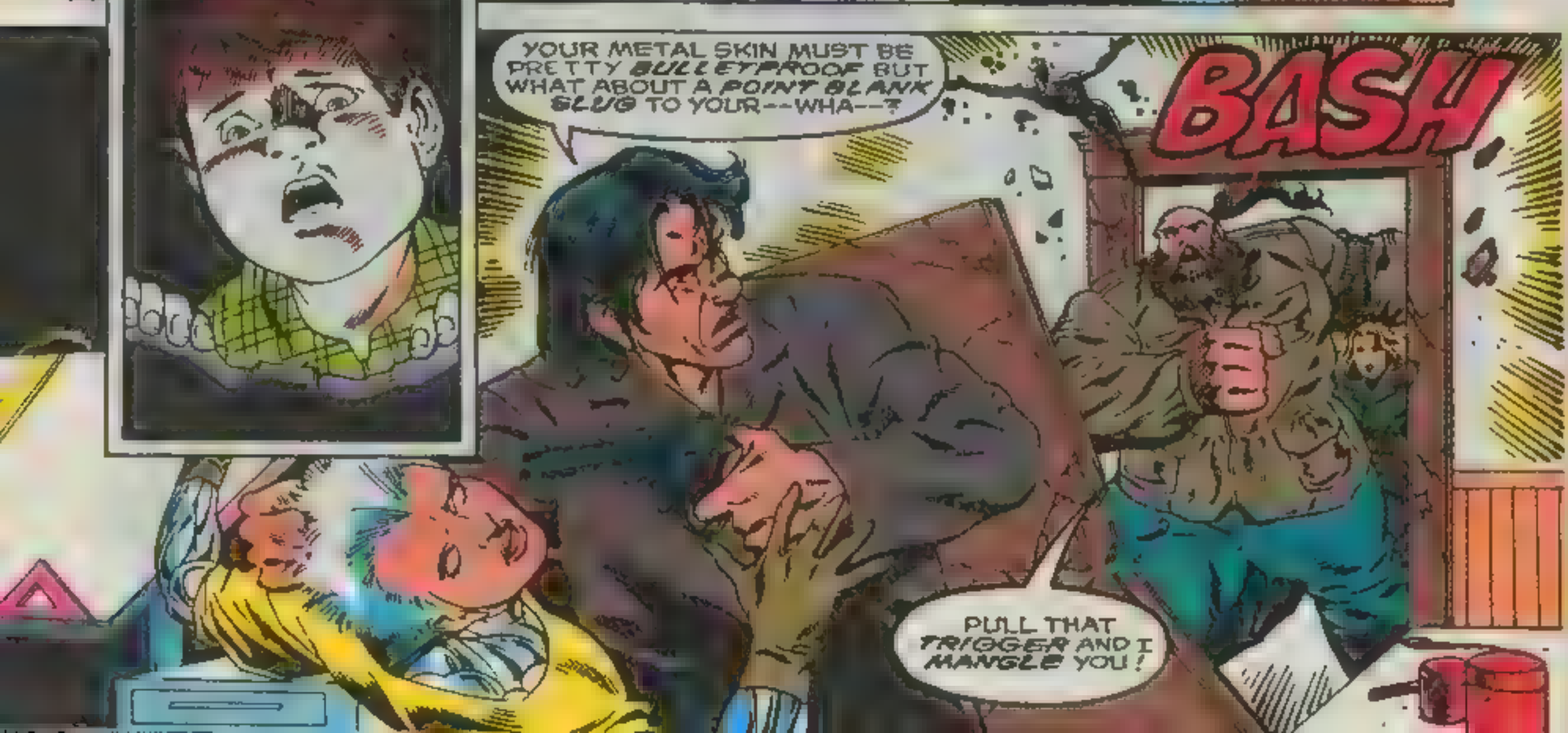
CRAAK
NO! THE FLOOR--!

OHHHHHHHH!
OUCH!
MY FOOT! LANDED FUNNY!
GOT YOU, BUSTER!


AH! AHH! AHHH!
METAL BIMBO WAS PLAYIN' POSSUM--
-- NOW SHE'S ON ME!
CAN'T DEADWEIGHT HER WHILE SHE'S ON TOP ON ME!
MY GUN--!


NO, YOU DON'T--!
WANNA BET?


SHE ROLLED OFF WHEN I SWUNG MY PIECE AROUND--!
TIME AGAIN TO MAKE HEAVY, GIRLIES!
AUNT CHARLY--?


YOUR METAL SKIN MUST BE PRETTY BULLETPROOF BUT WHAT ABOUT A POINT BLANK SLUG TO YOUR--WHA--?
BASH!
PULL THAT TRIGGER AND I MANGLE YOU!

I'VE GOT TO JAM THAT *GUN!*

THE ANTIBODY WHO FOUND US INDICATED THERE WAS A *GUNMAN*-- BUT WHERE'S *STEPH?*

OH, FUN! THE CAVALRY'S HERE AND MY BLASTED *TRIGGER* WON'T BUDGE!

HOLD IT *THERE*, NEANDERTHAL!

NO, *YOU!*

WHOA--!

WHAT'S-

-HAPPENING--?

WEAK--CAN HARDLY *MOVE*--!

HOW MUCH *G-FORCE* CAN A BIG FELLA LIKE YOU TAKE, BALDY? *THREE* G'S? *FOUR?*

TRIGGER STILL JAMMED! BET IT'S *BECK'S* DOING! NO, DON'T THINK OF HER-- KEEP CONCENTRATING ON *THIS* UGLY MOTHER!

THEN IT'S NOT ME GETTING *WEAKER*-- IT'S GRAVITY GETTING *STRONGER!*

I'VE GOT TO MOVE-- DESPITE THE *PAIN*--!

THIS IS THE SUCKER THAT SHOT *STEPHANIE*--! I'LL BE *DIPPED* IF I'M GONNA LET MY *OWN WEIGHT* STOP ME FROM SMASHING HIM!

HEART POUNDING FIT TO *BURST*--

--GOT TO-- GOT TO LIFT MY *ARM*--

--LET IT *DROP* ON HIM--

--MUST WEIGH A *THOUSAND POUNDS*--!

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! I'M UP TO *TEN G'S* AND HE'S *STILL MOVING*--!

SPAM
ANGK!
WHAT THE-
GOT 'IM!
BEN--!
BENJAMIN, BE A GOOD BOY, PUT THAT GUN DOWN RIGHT NOW, OKAY? I'LL BE RIGHT UP!
SON OF A--
GRAVITY LET UP THE INSTANT HE WENT DOWN!
OKAY, DOGMEAT, SPILL IT! WHO SENT YOU HERE TO KILL US?!?
UNLESS YOU WANT TO BLEED TO DEATH, START TALKING!
DON'T KNOW REAL NAME GIVEN CODE NAME LILAC.. TRUTH I SWEAR..
YOU WITH THE COMPANY? N NO FREE-LANCE
FORGET THE TWENTY QUESTIONS--TELL ME WHERE STEPHANIE AND RANDY ARE OR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEG IS GONNA BE A PICNIC COMPARED TO WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO THE REST OF YOU
DON'T KNOW. SHOT AT THEM, THEY WERE GONE NEXT TIME I LOOKED!
P PLEASE NOW GET ME TO A HOSPITAL
I'M GONNA CALL A FEW HOSPITALS TO SEE IF STEPH AND RANDY ARE THERE! IF I THINK OF IT, I'LL HAVE ONE OF THEM SEND AN AMBULANCE.

HALF HOUR LATER
THEY'RE NOT IN ANY HOSPITAL. THOSE GOOFY LITTLE ANTIBODIES HAVE BEEN SCOURING THE STREETS FOR THEM FOR HOURS
WHERE ON EARTH CAN THEY BE?
AMBULANCE
EMS
555-9225
I DON'T KNOW, DAVID WE'LL JUST HAVE TO--
HEY!
MY CHILDREN-- ARE THEY ALL RIGHT--?
I SEE THEM UP IN THE WINDOW, STEPHIE!
STEPH! RAND! YOU'RE OKAY!!!
MAMAAAA!
AW, MAN, IT'S SO GOOD TO--
OH, I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
BACK UP A BIT, SO I CAN GET THROUGH!
--HUH?

MAMA WE WERE SCARED YOU GOT HURT!
YOU KNOW YOUR OLD MUM MAKES ALL HURTS BETTER!
HEY, MOM KNOW WHAT? I SHOT A GUN!
WHAT--?
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
AFTER THE GUNMAN'S BULLET PASSED THROUGH MY SHOULDER AND GRAZED STEPHANIE'S HEAD, I TRIED TO FLY US TO BELLEVUE BUT PASSED OUT ON THE WAY.
FORTUNATELY, STEPHANIE'S PHENOMENAL HEALING POWER EVENTUALLY BROUGHT HER AROUND, THEN SHE PATCHED UP THE PEEPHOLE IN MY SHOULDER
WELL, WE GOT THE GUY WHO DID IT, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO HE REALLY IS OR WHY HE WENT AFTER THE GIRLS.
HE'S OBVIOUSLY A CONTRACT KILLER OF SOME SORT, BUT WE DON'T KNOW FOR WHOM
MAYBE THE POLICE WILL RECOGNIZE HIM WHEN WE PRESS CHARGES.
MAYBE BUT I HAVE A NAGGING FEELING THAT THIS IS ALL CONNECTED WITH OUR CONTROL'S DISAPPEARANCE.
BY THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT I'M GOING TO GET SOME ANSWERS EVEN IF I HAVE TO GO TO C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS AND BUST A FEW HEADS
"LILAC"
HMH?

EPILOG.

42ND STREET. A DAY LATER. .

ONE PLEASE

THAT'LL BE SIX DOLLARS, DEARIE

ADULT XXX THEATER

NO PARKING

XXX CINEMA

I WONDER IF HE COULD HAVE CHOSEN A *MORE* UNSAVORY PLACE TO MEET?

PROBABLY, THE ONLY *WOMAN* IN THIS PLACE

POP CORN

OHH, BABY, YEAH, YEAH, RIGHT THERE, YEAH!

WATCH IT ALL THE SEATS IN THE BACKROW HAVE SQUEAKY SPRINGS.

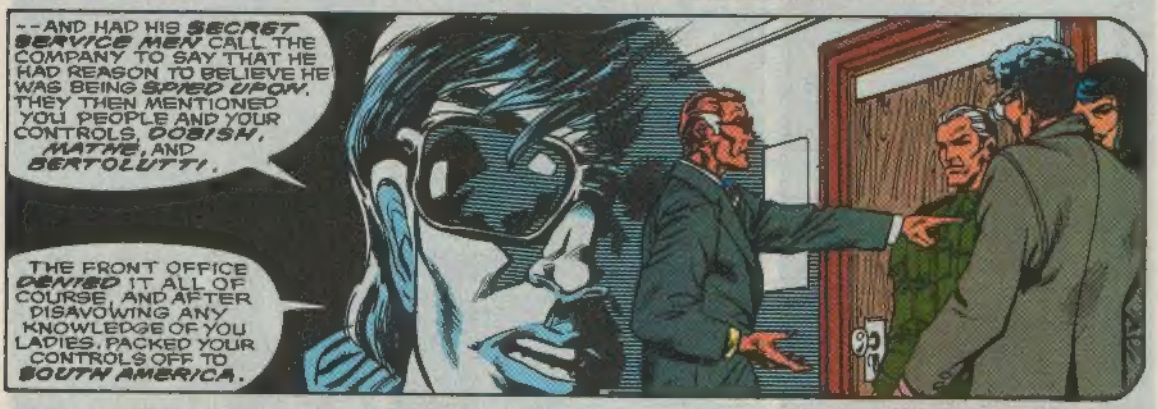
THAT'S THE CODE PHRASE THAT'S *WADE*, RIGHT ON TIME.

THANKS FOR MEETING ME, WADE. SO WHAT'S THE *STORY*? WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR *CONTROL*? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A FREELANCE NAMED *DEADWEIGHT*?

HERE'S WHAT I FOUND OUT. THE FOUR OF YOU HAVE BEEN CUT LOOSE AND YOUR ASSIGNMENT TO KEEP TABS ON THE CANDIDATE ABORTED.
WHAT? WHY?

I'M NOT SAYING YOU MESSED UP, BUT THE CANDIDATE FOUND OUT ABOUT YOU, POSSIBLY BY PARANORMAL MEANS--

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. PHILIP NOLAN VOIGT CONFRONTED US AND DID SOMETHING TO OUR HEADS TO MAKE US INCAPABLE OF BETRAYING HIM!


--AND HAD HIS SECRET SERVICE MEN CALL THE COMPANY TO SAY THAT HE HAD REASON TO BELIEVE HE WAS BEING SPIED UPON. THEY THEN MENTIONED YOU PEOPLE AND YOUR CONTROLS, DOBISH, MATHE, AND BERTOLUTTI.
THE FRONT OFFICE DENIED IT ALL OF COURSE, AND AFTER DISAVOWING ANY KNOWLEDGE OF YOU LADIES, PACKED YOUR CONTROLS OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA.

THE MATTER SEEMED SETTLED WHEN THEY SENT THE APPROPRIATE FALSIFIED DOCUMENTS TO THE CANDIDATE'S PEOPLE, BUT IT WASN'T.
AS IT NOW APPEARS, IRENE DOBISH DID NOT TAKE HER RELOCATION ORDERS VERY WELL, HAVING HAD SO MUCH OF HER CAREER ADVANCEMENT TIED UP IN THE PARANORMAL PROGRAM.

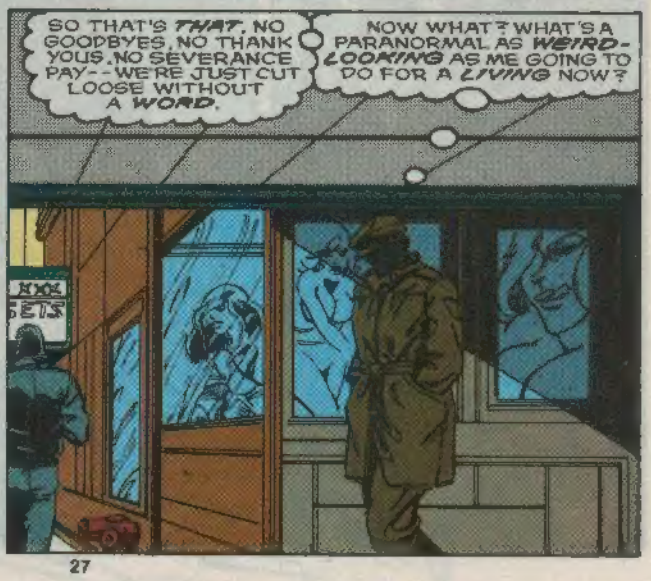
"SO FROM THE AIRPORT SHE APPARENTLY CONTACTED AND HIRED THIS SINGLETON, DEADWEIGHT--"
HONE

--WHOSE ASSIGNMENT WAS TO TERMINATE THE FOUR OF YOU.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT DOBISH HAD SOMETHING SCREWED ON TOO TIGHT.
HEY, PIPE DOWN--I CAN'T HEAR THE PI'TURE!

WE BEAT DEADWEIGHT, YOU KNOW. HE'S AT BELLEVUE. BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT IS GOING TO PREVENT DOBISH FROM SENDING SOMEONE ELSE AFTER US?
WELL, WE BELIEVE SHE MAY HAVE DIVERTED COMPANY FUNDS TO PAY DEADWEIGHT. IF WE CAN PROVE THAT, SHE'LL BE PROSECUTED.
GREAT. THEN SHE'LL HAVE ALL THE MORE REASON TO COME AFTER US. ESPIONAGE REALLY STINKS, YOU KNOW THAT?

YES. SORRY ABOUT IT.
THANKS FOR GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO TELL ME THE SCORE. HOPE YOU WON'T GET IN TROUBLE FOR THIS.

I WON'T. SAY, AREN'T YOU GOING TO STAY TO WATCH THE MOVIE WITH ME?
NO THANKS.


SO THAT'S THAT. NO GOODBYES, NO THANK YOUS, NO SEVERANCE PAY--WE'RE JUST CUT LOOSE WITHOUT A WORD.
NOW WHAT? WHAT'S A PARANORMAL AS WEIRD-LOOKING AS ME GOING TO DO FOR A LIVING NOW?

WELL, I'LL FIND SOMETHING. MAYBE THE JOB SKILLS THE C.I.A. TAUGHT ME WILL EVEN COME IN HANDY.
WAIT TILL I TELL THE OTHERS THAT WE'RE-- WHAT?
NEWSP
POST

"VOIGT ELECTED BY LANDSLIDE VOTE"
THAT FIGURES.
PROBE NEXT

I IMAGINE VOIGT COMPELLED A LOT OF PEOPLE TO VOTE FOR HIM THE SAME WAY HE COMPELLED THE FOUR OF US NOT TO BREATHE A WORD ABOUT HIS PARANORMALITY.

HMM, A PARANORMAL IN THE WHITE HOUSE, AND NO ONE MAY EVER KNOW IT. I SURE CAN'T TELL THEM.

I WONDER...WITH VOIGT AT THE HELM, MAYBE WAR CAN BE AVERTED, MAYBE PARANORMALS WILL STOP BEING DRAFTED, MAYBE A PARANORMAL RIGHTS BILL WILL BE PASSED.

I DOUBT IT.
E·N·D

PARANORMAL

c/o MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP — 387 Park Avenue South — New York, NY — 10016

Dear Howard,

I enjoyed reading D.P.7 #24, but now I have some questions. The big one is this: did Dave die or not? Did Nightmask die or not? Will Chuck (what-a-creep) die or not? It seems to me that Stephie would only speed up his AIDS infection.

Here's another one: when the Robinson family and Jenny Swensen touched the Pitt-juice, you would think that they would all have mutated into the same kind of organism. No fear! I think I have the solution. When Jenny was "washed" in the Pitt-juice, she was in her Spitfire suit. She changed into a metal person because of the metal-suit that surrounded her. In THE STAR BRAND #14, the Robinsons changed into that hungry, disgusting "thing". Why? Because when they were washed in the fluid, they were terrified, causing them to probably huddle together for possibly their last hours to live. They were stranded for hours, thus, obviously starved. That is why they were starved as they became Familesch. Am I right? Could we see "file-sheets" on both new characters?

Are those the ESPeople on next month's cover? If not, where are they? I wasn't a SPITFIRE reader: what happened to the Trouble-Shooter survivors of S.F. #7? And where are the other Kickers? And Ms. Newhouse and Dr. Semple? How's about bringing them all back to these (or other New U) pages? More Woodsman, also! What the heck, more PitBull, too!

Jon Trouten
430 Main Ave. S.
Harmoney, MN 55939

You sure ask a lot of questions, Jon. As you've doubtlessly seen, both Dave and Nightmask have survived their particular ordeals, but it's still too soon to tell about Chuck. We really like your theory about the mutagenic effects of Pitt-juice, pal. Where are the other Trouble-Shooters and Kickers? Ms. Newhouse and Dr. Semple? We don't know. As for the Woodsman and Pit Bull. . . we'll take it under advisement, pal!

Dear Howard,

Hiya! I must say that I am very pleased and even impressed with the way you have handled the New Universe. Congratulations. But that's not why I'm writing. I'm writing to speak my piece and ask for a little favor.

Over the past two years, a lot has happened in the New U, and I thank the good Lord that I do not (did not) live in Pittsburgh. And during this time, a lot of paranormals have been introduced—if only by a couple of pages dealing with them or an additional back-up mini-comic tacked on to the end of a regular monthly feature. There are so many of them that the New U is becoming a little too big for a feeble-minded "normal" like myself to straighten out. I have a couple of suggestions.

First, add a couple more titles to the NU checklist. I know you tried that before, and it's a shame that the others didn't work out. I really did enjoy Nightmask. I don't like the ESPeople for the simple reason that there is too much mental stuff. I do like DDTeens, but from the looks of things, they're history! Oh, well. But you have to admit that there are far too many incidents taking place right now for just four comic books to handle. Maybe you can have a few Limited Series comics for a little bit while the action is real thick.

Second, one thing that would be tremendously helpful to me, and I'm sure a lot of other people, would be an "Official Handbook for the Marvel New Universe" or whatever. You get my point, I'm sure. I really need a list of all the paranormals that are known to exist, not to mention the normals that play an integral part in the New U storyline. The timeline you have in the Universe News is very helpful. You see, I am a stickler for details and am not satisfied until I know the whole story. It makes it more believable.

One more thing. THE PITT and THE DRAFT were excellent and I am sure that THE WAR will be, whenever I get a chance to read it. But. . . might I make one more suggestion? How about making another bookshelf comic, one that is a Prequel to that NU saga? How about making a bookshelf comic titled "The White Event"? Get the picture? I just know it would have to be jam-packed with details. I know you want to keep it all a big secret right now and keep all of us faithful New U readers in suspense, but keep this idea in mind, OK? The title itself would inspire a lot of people to buy it, you can bet on that!

Well, before I end this letter, I must criticize you at least a little. I just can't help myself. It's about D.P. 7, which happens to be my favorite comic of the four (I read and collect them all). It started out great, and stayed that way until just recently. Here's the problem: they're not together! Randy and Jeff and Dave are at boot camp, Scuzz is—excuse me, WAS—wandering amok around who-knows-where and now might be dead, while Charly, Lenore, and Stephanie are working for the C.I.A. To me, it's all a big mess!! Please figure something out to get them back together as a team, or at least to where you're not carrying three storylines together in the same comic.

Okay, I am done. Now you know what I want from the New U: 1.) New U comics (not too many—I'm not rich), 2.) A New U Handbook, 3.) A White Event bookshelf novel, and 4.) A D.P. 7 comic that doesn't appear as jumbled as it is now. Ya think you can handle it, Howie?

Steve Hilton
Rt. 2 Box 296-D
Lawndale, NC 28090

You know, Steve, there's nothing we'd like more than to add a few more titles to the New U checklist, but right now our energies are being taxed to the max keeping the four surviving titles afloat. (We're in choppy waters sales-wise, we're sad to report—tell your friends to get on the stick and help us hold the line sales-wise or the New U won't be here much longer!) As for new Bookshelf Formats — THE WAR, in its four issue splendor—will be heading your way at last in early '89. But we have no firm plans for any Bookshelf books beyond that. Your "White Event" book is an interesting one, though. As for a New U Handbook—no plans just yet.

Your criticism about the fragmented nature of the D.P.'s is well-taken, and one that has taken us a number of issues to amend. But with last issue, our main group is back together and that's how they'll stay for the long haul. So one out of four is all we can give you, pal. Forgive us?

Dear Mark and Paul,

I have really enjoyed the resurgence of all four New Universe titles. At first I was more than a bit skeptical when the Black Event was announced, but it has been worth it. Anyway, down to the point of this letter, which is, or rather, who is Glitter? I've just read Glitter's bio-sheet in issue #24 and I had a few questions about her powers. More specifically, her healing power.

In the parabilities section, you state "She cannot control her body's healing effect: whenever she touches another organism, the process occurs." If this is the case, how is she able to fight effectively? You say she can heal aches and pains "with a touch." Yet, what is fighting, but inflicting aches and pains on an opponent?

I see Stephanie as sort of the opposite of Thomas Boyd in Pal-Force who leeches energy from his opponent each time he hits them. It would seem Stephanie would energize someone each time she hit them, thus ensuring they wouldn't be hurt enough to lose a fight. Unfortunately, I have no answer to these questions, but then again, that's ya'll's job.

Have fun and keep up the good work!

Rick Jones
1026 Leeward Pl. C-2
Melbourne, FL 32935

Good question you raised, Rick. How we see it is it takes a sustained touch for Steph's healing parability to do much good. So, if she were wrestling with someone, that person would actually become more energetic the longer they grappled. However, if she's simply striking a person with her paranormal strength, her "touch" would be more hurting than healing. You buy it?

Dear Paranor Mark,

We're into our third year of D.P 7, and it's better than ever. The New U format allows you to do a lot more with our paranormals.

I am the unofficial charter member of the D.P. 7 Fan Club (having been with you since issue #1) and I have a few questions that must be plaguing us all.

1.) Who is D.P. 7? What I mean is, who are the seven main paranormals? Does the lineup ever change? For instance, in issue #26, D.P. 7 is Stephanie, Lenore, Charlotte, Merriam, Jenny, Dave and Randy. What happened to Jeff? Maybe you should consider changing the title. DISPLACED PARANORMALS is a good alternative.

2.) Ohh, ICK! When is Charly going to stop being "grossed out" by every little thing? Cheez! You'd think she'd never left her house before!

3.) How about clearing up Jenny's abilities, now that she's a "Woman of Steel," so to speak.

4.) A word about George Mullaney: Howzabout allowing him to control his power of mutation? Who knows? Maybe then he could change himself into Tom Cruise or somebody.

Paul, your art is impeccable, issue after issue. One suggestion: try not to make Stephanie and Merriam look too much alike (and I don't mean keep Merriam chubby, either.) Since Merriam is obviously younger than Steph, her hair should be longer.

Until Jenny brushes her teeth with STP. . .

Jeffrey Love
119 Franklin St. NE.
Washington, DC 20002

Thanks for the kind words, Jeffrey. To answer your questions. . .we're not all that sure just who is in the Seven anymore ourselves. It does seem to us that three of the original seven have gone their own ways for good. . .Jeff, Scuzz, and (alp) Lenore—but one of those three will be back in #31 (place your bets now). Merriam and Jenny are definitely in the picture, though. Hmm, how many of you out there think we should take the "7" out of the logo? Charly's squeamishness? Well, that's just the way she is, and she may never get over it. Jenny's parabilities? Strength and imperviousness to injury is all we've noticed so far. As for George having more control over his mutations. . .he'd love it, but alas, it just may not be in the cards. Paul thanks you for your kudos—we think he's swell, too. (Swell, not swollen, mind you.)

So far the response to changing the name of the New U has been poor—so it looks like we'll be keeping it New for some time to come! Nuke on, New Uniphiles!